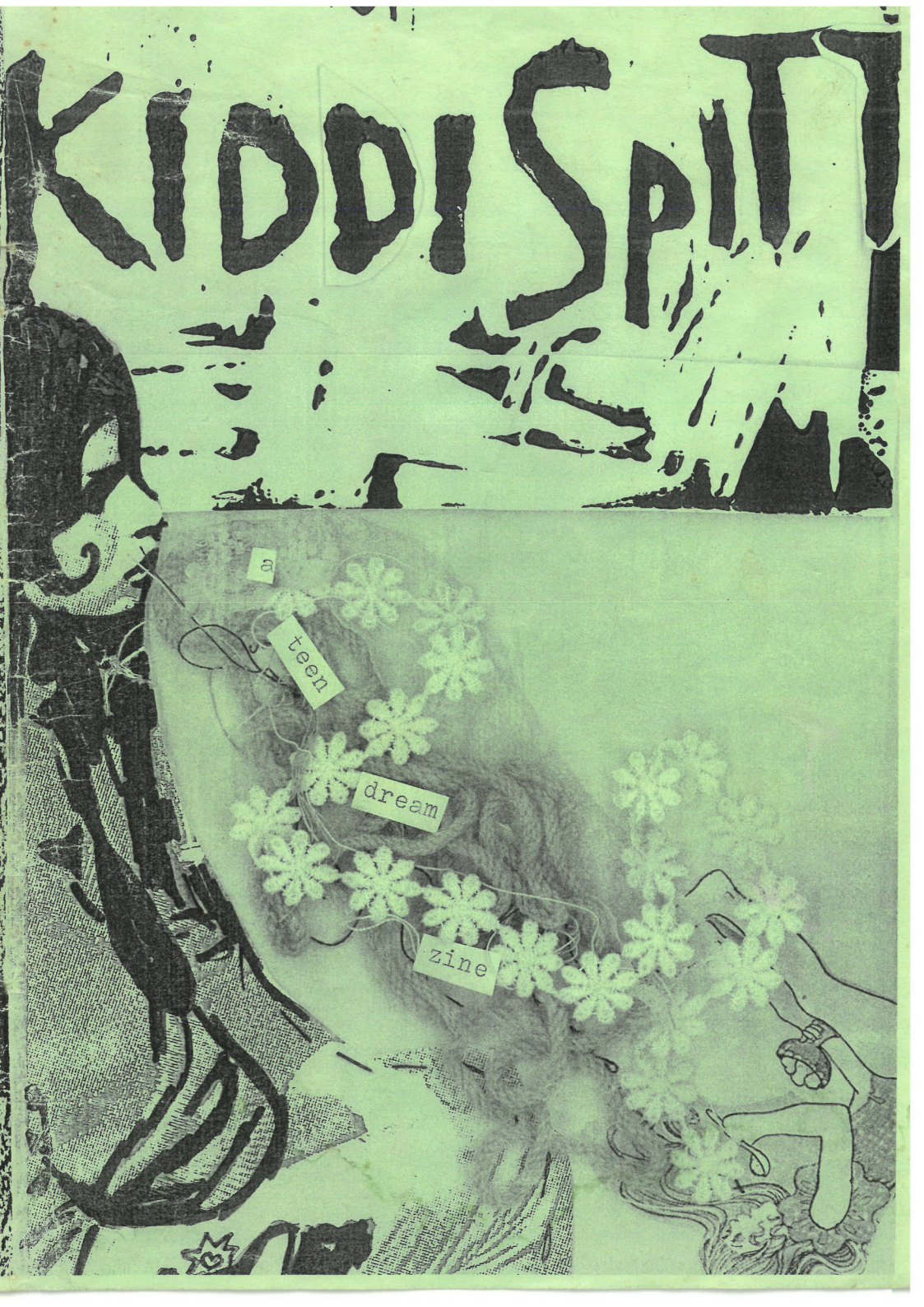
KIDDI SPITT



dear you,

may 2008

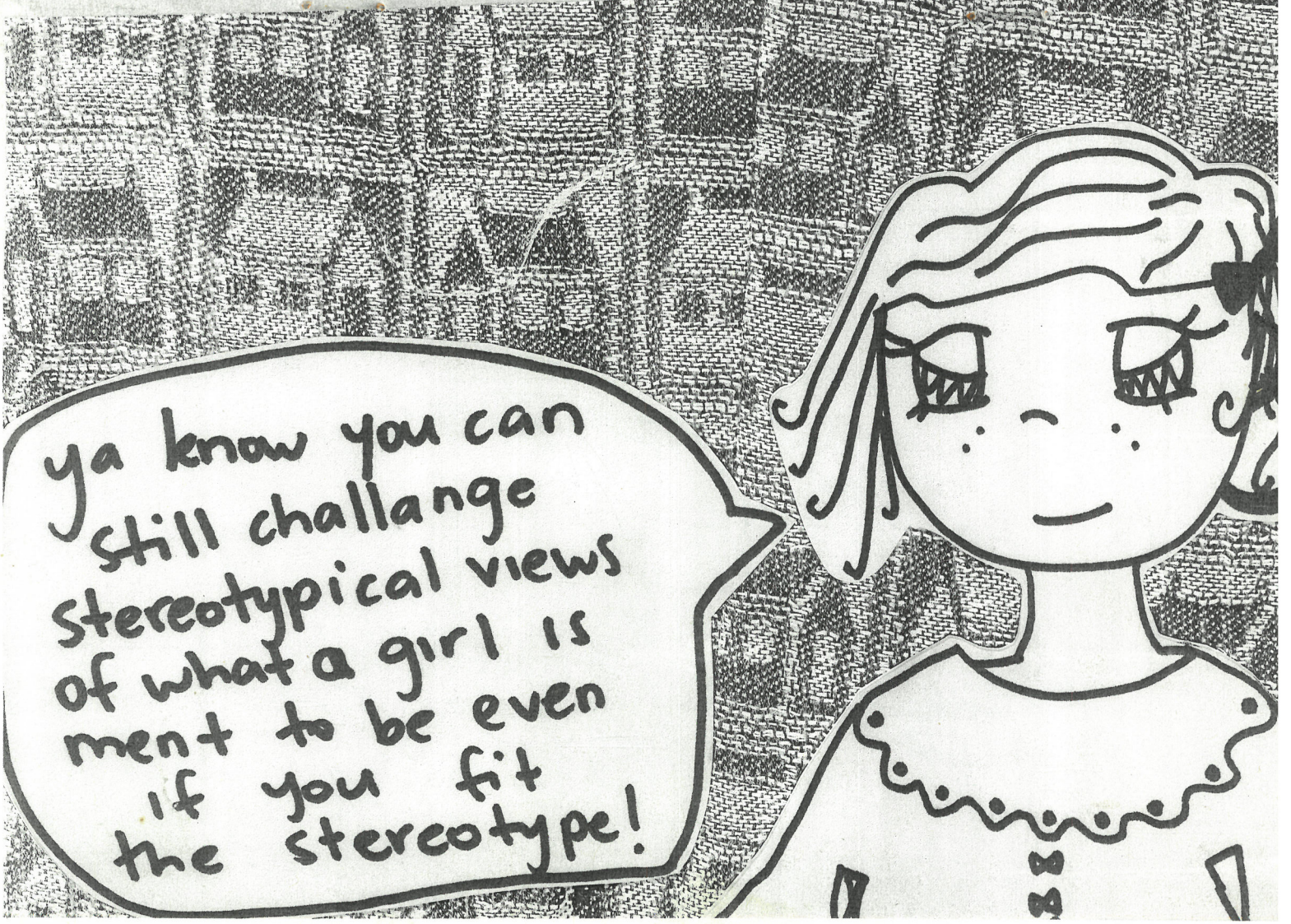
Initially i was wanting to do a zine that was a radical/queer responce to teen girl magazines such as dolly and girlfriend. I'm not sure if thats what this end product is but i don't think that really matters.

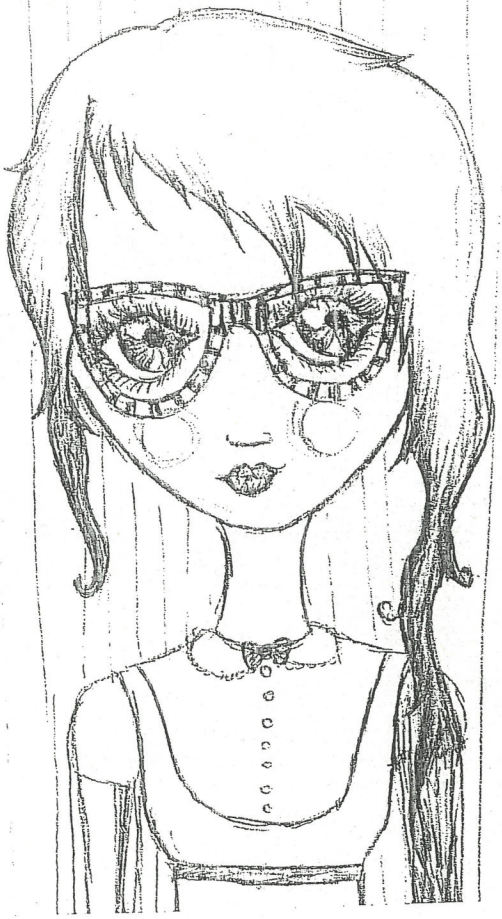
this zine is made up of different things by different people. theres a list in the back. opinions expressed are that of the individuals

♡ rah rah

write to me and lets make more things.

myspace.com/juvenile_revolt


ya know you can still challange stereotypical views of what a girl is ment to be even if you fit the stereotype!



Nerd girls go to heaven

i sew things

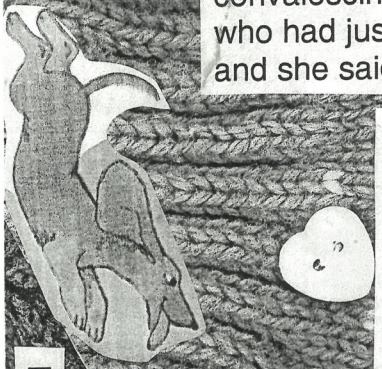
myspace.com/nowordfromchina

"POTENTIAL HEX"

by steff lau

my cousin used to live in a granny flat behind my parents' house.his favourite band was rage against the machine and he worked at coles.xxxxxxxx everything in his bedroom was arranged diagonally no matter what it xwas.one year,he diagonally covered a wall with diagonallybordered pictures of his girlfriend.they were the kind of pictures you take at a studio with fake backdrops and "soft lighting" after you get yr braces off,except she'd gotten them done after surgery to get her underbite fixed.i guess they weren't that good for diagonally jerking off to because if you looked behind his diagonal bookshelf,you'd always find an epic xxxxxxx selection of japanese schoolgirl porn.when my cousin moved away a few years ago,he left a lot of broken dreams behind including a jammed computer keyboard and some rickety furniture.one day while moving a desk from my cousin's room,my parents and i started to notice some stuff that he had engraved into it. at the edge of the desk,there was a drawing that he had done of himself hanging on a noose off a tree. next to the illustration,he'dx carved out the words "LIFE=DEATH".i xx didn't think much of it at the time.i ended up storing some of my old CD's and things in the drawers.however,in xxxxxxx years since this happened,my cousin's gotten a hotshot job and apartment,and i haventxx gone a day without wanting to die.

Today was the last day of my mental health break from my design course. I was convalescing and feeling the suburbia love, and talking to my friend on the phone who had just seen a bird out her window(in a considerably more inner city suburb) and she said that maybe I would see one on my impending adventure.

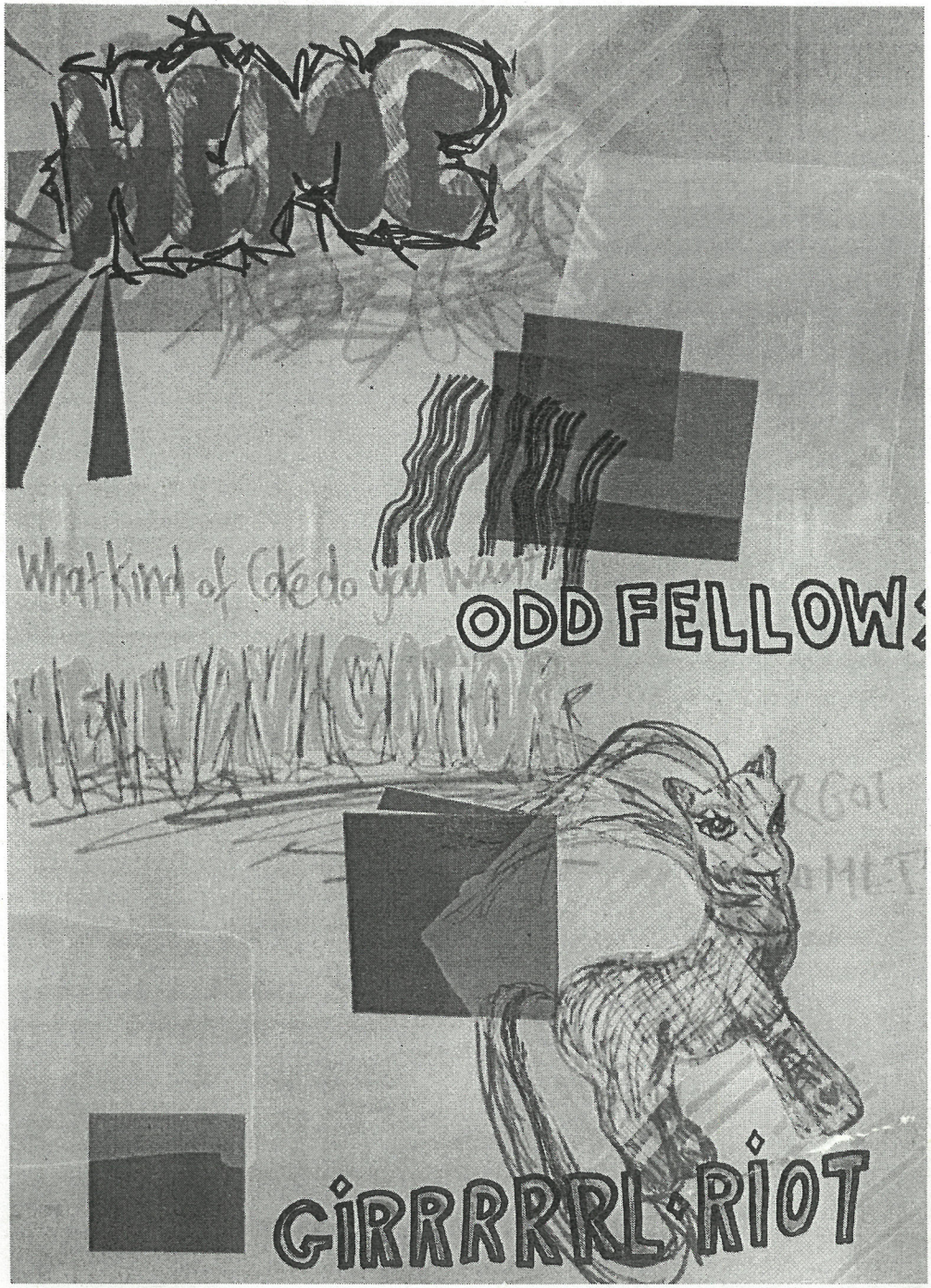


Optimistically, I put on my little dog's lead and hopped on my bike and rode aroun the streets. I was really enjoying smelling the clean autumn air, and cruising dowr hill, when I realised we were riding towards the bush, and it would be nice to see how my new mountain bike went on it. It is a rocky, sandstone fire trail, sometime people ride 4wd motor bike things down it. I had to pick up my bike to get over the things that try to stop motorised vehicles from going down the fire trail, and I let Snuffy off her leash and enjoyed riding at my own pace, stopping for Snuffy at the tops of hills.

By Miss Helen

I think I spent about 50% of the time pushing bike up hills because I'm unfit, but it was really fun. At the end of the track, there was a lady standing with her little dog at the bottom of the hill. Snuffy and I talked to her for a long time, and I tried to get Snuffy to do her tricks, but she wasn't into it. We talked for ages, and it was weird, because I don't really talk to people who live around here. I kind of assume that their politics are wack(so it's ok to be on a casual "hi" acquaintanceship), or don't want to have to talk to them every time I see them, which is really messed up, since I'm all into ideas about community, but I suppose I like to be selective in who I commune with, and since in suburbia people move into places based on the house rather than the people, it kind of makes sense, even if it doesn't make it ok, that I thumb my nose at my fellow locals.

We did not see any birds.


HOME
What kind of Cake do ya want
ODD FELLOWS
GIRRRRRRL RIOT

A story about how things grow
- Pop-Laurel silk.

The Aunts go marching two by two they storm across the living room
They strike up camp Befoul their teeth
With lakes of tea quiver beneath
The weight of sackfuls of false starts each one of them a queen of hearts
Solemn and grave they strike their poses
And set about sternly painting the roses
Red, while upstairs in that same house
Lies the cause of all this fuss:
A growing boy, the Aunts have mentioned,
Needs lots of extra special attention
Euclid's mother can't force a smile
Still thinks the only thing worthwhile
Is to drain her belly of this bile
The boy be damned, though she'd like a daughter,
this sick in her womb is thicker than water.

Safely snoring Aunts can't stop her
So full of tea they won't taste trouble
Brewing inside the darkened house
Indeed inside their darkened niece

Towards her child she gently creeps
Some whispered slander spoils her ear
She growls you are not mine to keep
He shouts I'm just a boy asleep!
NOW
See her eyes clap
See her tongue roll
See her knees shake
See how she falls
Inward, to her stirring womb
While Euclid sleeps
Unborn, benign.

Exhausted now she rests her body
Regretting her destructive folly
To help her sleep she chants a rhyme
"Get out, unformed, unwanted child,
Get out, untender and unmild,
Get out, get out, heed my sweet song,
You will be out before too long"

Her nodding head takes her away
And while she sleeps she mutters words
Speaks softly to her childhood friend,

The Virgin Mary, mate of old

"you know, if I were famous like you, I'd make them all pay"

Then Mary gapes a toothless grin, "This is the story YOU are in"
And makes a hefty parable.
So god, she says, heard the Earth cry out for help and thrust into her outstretched hands
Jonah, and said 'Take this! Inside it is a tiny whale'.

While Mama sleeps, Euclid awakes, in time to hear his mother's dream
"why then," he thinks, "would I leave here? To be fed alone by mammary expletives?"
It beats the sick you're lying in, shrugged the whale and flicked its tail and swam away.

His birth was made up of Euclidian proportions of the horse's mouth
News undue, undone until
Grimy blotches first speckle then pulsate
Vision a cloud, obscene, a wild wet mouth
Truly lunging
Some lipless face of undue thanks falls forward full unto the Earth
While Euclid, BORN! Runs screams and tastes
Free from his mother's poisoned womb.

And so the story opens itself, unfolds in the dark like some great flapping beast
No red demon eyes no gnashing teeth or scouring claws
A story gummed from slurping cavities not ripped but dripped
Out of the mouths of babes.

The Aunts watch Euclid race away
Their roses defaulting back to white
They shake their heads, sip tea all day
And hide their clicky bones under wool at night

They caw a warning, creak out a song:
Knit two purl one knit one knit two knit purl purl knit
a cable stitch a tightrope to be flung across
girls boys cousins aunts and granddad
second third fourth row, propinquity unerring
knit one knit two knit four five six
times removed
undulating underword understrings
pulled tugged knitted together underscored by purls
those little purls of wisdom.

As he grew Euclid passed his slip stitches over his head
Until they were so far behind they were only loops
Not knotted not tied to anything only strings
PSSO he'd abbreviate and compress and ignore and redress

And never ask why things rhyme or don't rhyme
He'd throw rhyme behind like his discarded slip stitches
Whole series and triptychs left in shallow water

Now he passes a stranger he wants to know
Whose daughter are you?

A thumb is a fight and a tooth is a plan
Euclid's small body stands up on its hands
And springs away but if you look you'll see nothing
No palms no fighting thumbs
But delegated stars and suns
A graph of hair
and wingless folds
"use your eyes son
Make a note"
Anyone you touch becomes a pool of light
A milky remonstrance in ripples.

They all stood together, Euclid and his mother and the Aunts
(not a trace of red paint to be seen)
And looked up at the sky and held hands
As though they were praying, all of them together,
Praying for love or mercy or productivity
But they weren't praying, they were just standing there
holding hands and staring up at the sky
until Mama broke the silence she said "I have a song"
the rest of them dropped their hands and turned to listen to her
and she said "this song is about love just like every other song is"
and then she began to scream and scream until
she replicated the sound she had made when Euclid had burst screaming from her
covered in her own vomity expectations
all those years ago.

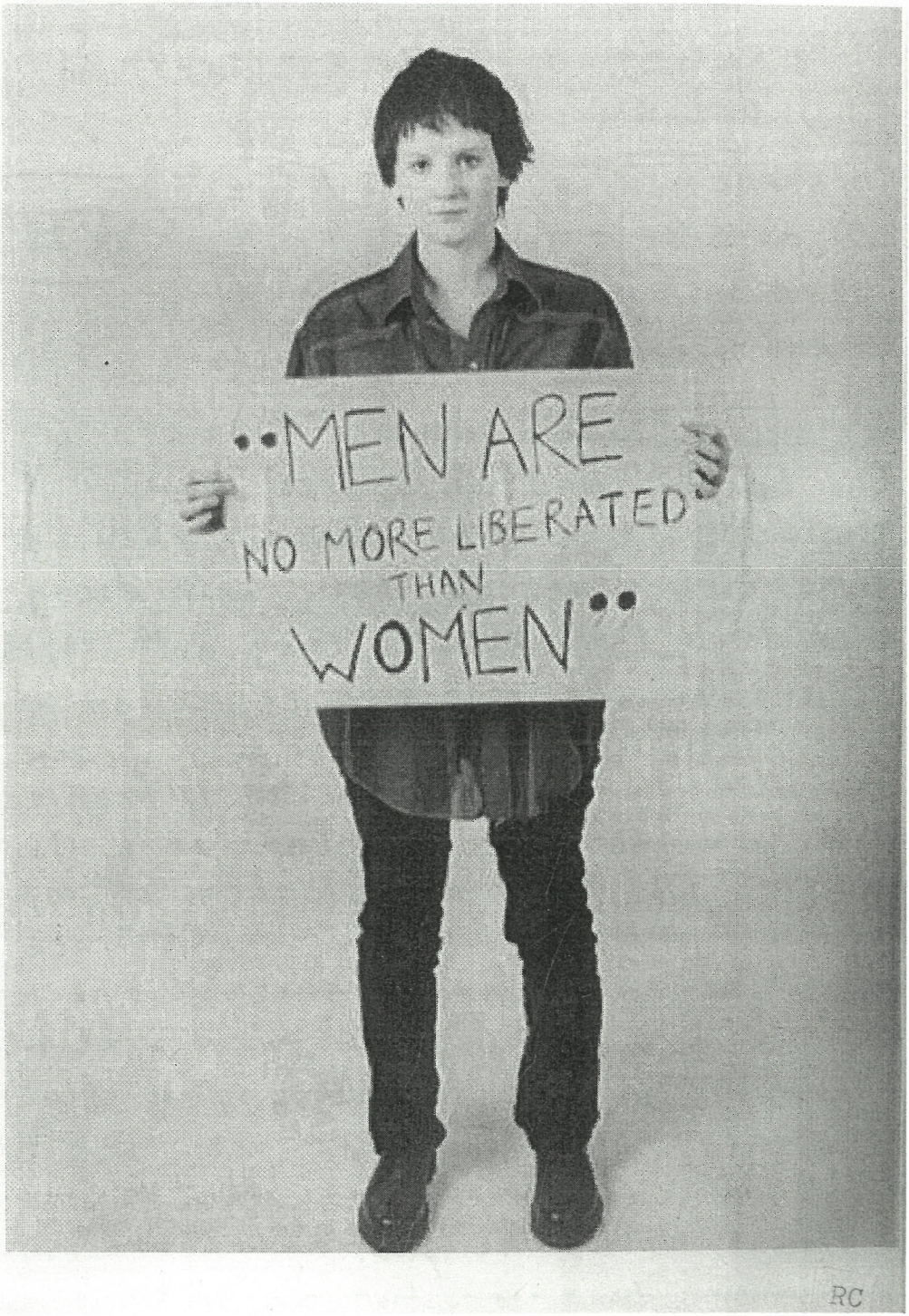
And Euclid doesn't understand
And Euclid feels that he's a man
"if not now when?"
Caw croak the chorus
"what've you got, lad, what've you got for us?"

He shrugs, and remembers the whale.

Bodies are skin and salt and blood and water and things too more solid more heavy and turgid
Bodies are unwords.
Bodies are universes a smattering of galaxies bowlegs ankles feather fingers peppered with stars
Unmapped unwords are they I love to watch them any of them sleeping

Breath making bellies rise a sun setting and rising in the universe of bodies they worship breath
each cell a yogi devoted to breathing to exhuming to collecting using making something of it
Deep like a god wide tall like a god but no god not among bodies no knowing of fates and contours
If God wants to come wants to see well he had better bring a pickaxe like everybody else.
Nature the iconoclast makes us all a universe so we can fall all over ourselves if we want to trying to find the centre but sometimes we forget what we are looking for and instead just howl at the nipples which are really only distant moons
And just look at the lobes the planetary evidence of ears of eyes of nose
Smell that taste that touch that it's all just gravity grabbing and every blossoming bruise is a lunar eclipse.

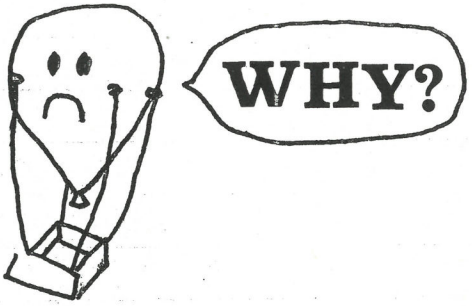
Dedicated to Clive Smith
1.3.1959 – 12.2.2008


"MEN ARE
NO MORE LIBERATED
THAN
WOMEN"

* 'UNHAPPY BALLOONING' *

creating a self-portrait as a hot air balloon.

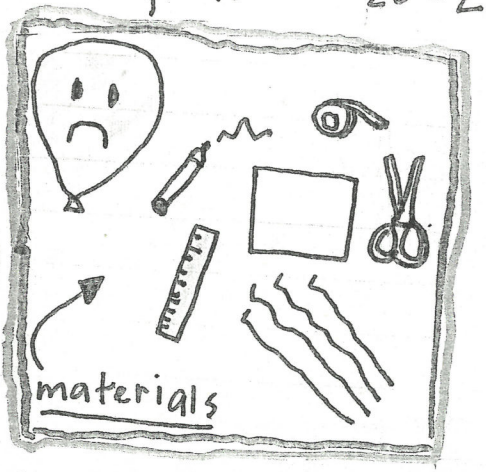
INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO REPRESENT YOURSELF IN A SMALL, EASY-TO-MAKE HOT AIR BALLOON.



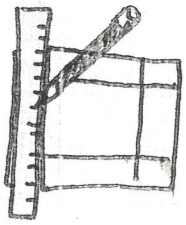
the hot air balloon shares many characteristics with humans; they both take in & expel air, they both decay over time & in this exercise, they both represent with their appearance a reflection of what they "feel" in a particular time frame. the idea of this exercise is to reflect how you feel onto the hot-air balloon at this particular time, & then to watch as both your feelings & appearance AND the "feeling" & appearance of the hot air balloon change over time. the result should be similar to that of a diary, journal, photo album, etc. you can "look back" & compare your current "wizened" feelings with the feelings represented in your decaying hot air balloon

you will need:

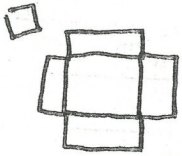
1. a round balloon & marker
2. paper, about 15cm square
3. ruler, pens, scissors, tape
4. four 20-25cm lengths of string



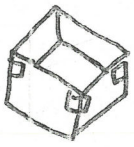
instructions:

1. 

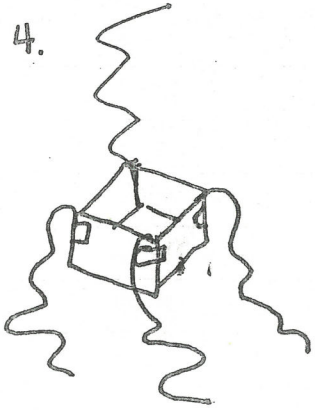
place ruler along each edge of the paper square & rule 4 crossed lines

2. 

cut out the four corner squares

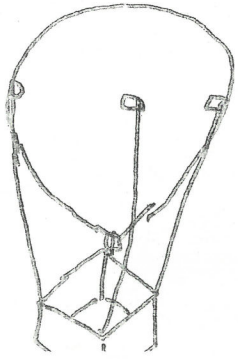
3. 

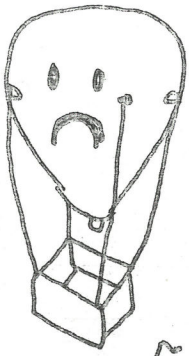
lift the sides & tape corners together

4. 

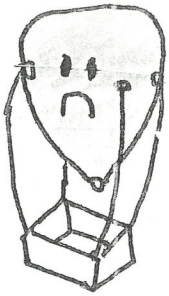
tape one end of the cord to each corner of the basket

5. tape the other ends of the cords evenly around the balloon

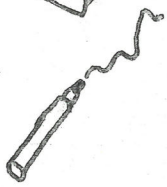




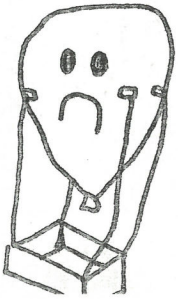
take a thick marker pen & represent with a face your current feelings on the balloon.



the hot air balloon should how act as a "mirror", able to be related to on any number of levels & empathised with as a kind of "twin".



NOW OBSERVE AS [redacted] THE APPEARANCE & EMOTIONS OF THE BALLOON SHIFT THROUGH TIME, HAND IN HAND [redacted] WITH YOUR FEELINGS. TRY MAKING ONE [redacted] EVERY WEEK TO "CHART" YOUR EMOTIONS ON [redacted] YOUR BALLOONS. LEARN FROM EACH OTHER. HAPPY BALLOONING.



I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE

by Kieran

iloveyoubbyunicorngrrrlbyrahrah

HOLLYWOULD::: Oh, hay everybody,

Rah Rah asked me to do something for her new maga(zine), and I was like, 'Yeah! I could, like, do a column!!'

I was thinking that I could call it something cool like, *HOLLYWOULD, or HOLLYHOODBLINGBLINGDRIVING6HUMMERZWEARINGVONDUTCH, or some other kewl ghetto slang that goes along with my name, but I just dunno what I can write about!! Ideally, I would write about some amazing feminist shit or queer theory stuff! Because I think that that is the focus of Rah Rah's new thang (and I like that shit), but I dunno what to say, except that I like Shystie and I love ANYTHING that YOU make in your bedroom(!!!), and this zine is totally cool cos its happening!! Do whatever you can! You can do it!! (positive messages straight into your brain!).*

*So here's a review that I wrote of Jack Halberstam's book **In A Queer Time and Space**:*

Judith (Jack) Halberstam is a really important queer writer. This is a departure from their previous books (like The Drag King Book, Female Masculinities etc) in that it pulls its scope out, Halberstam is now talking about queer issues, but not in a way that could let their writing be boxed into that obscure(d) 'queer issues' genre.

Halberstam talks about queerness off the radar of sexuality and gender (consider ravers, club kids and unemployed peoples' 'queer' uses of time, or homeless/traveller peoples' 'queer' uses of space) and in this way queers queer studies! Infinitizing queer, so its not just gender + sexuality (although these things are definitely also discussed heaps too! and are totes important!).

In A Queer Time and Space has, amongst others, essays on the hype surrounding the phenomenon of Teena Brandon and the movie Boys Don't Cry

(including the 'othering' of country folk by city slickers), an essay on queer visual art (looking at Del La Grace Volcano, Eva Hesse, Jenny Saville and others), an essay on Austin Powers' drag king-like stylings, and an essay entitled 'What Smells?' about queer punk!

Halberstam writes in a self assured way (and if you don't have a lot of background in gender studies you might not get it all). She talks about trans/queer punks, about Le Tigre, about how Sleater Kinney rule because they dropped the bass out of their band, simultaneously dropping the deep (read masculine) end out of their sound, and obliterating the belittled failed guitarist girl bass player stereotype at the same time!

Halberstam's references are fresh and interesting and really up to date (it was published in 2005). This is not a good starting point if you are just starting to think about queer shit, but fucking amazing if you are looking for a weird theory book on queer that's WAY more *abstract and punk and fun and arty than the others!!!*

and here's what JD says about it: "An extremely honest and provocative book. Judith Halberstam's In A Queer Time and Place both validates and admires the beauty of the transperson as well as the genderqueer in this new era of identity performance. It is an incredible portrayal of the partnership between trans issues and gay and lesbian issues that I applaud with a full heart."
-JD Samson, from the band Le Tigre

Though so very contradict to her feminist beliefs, She could not help but want to give cupcakes to boys...
Surely it was biological and quite harmless.

creeps.

TRUE STORIES

I used to live with this drug dealer who was rich and had wild dreams. One day he just disappaired. Years later I discovered that he had been scientificly transformed into a diamond and superglued to the eiffel tower. "Dear french government. I have superglued a diamond to your tower. good luck." Theres this mongrel cat called bromley and no one really knew where he came from but he is actualy a cybernetic organism which is employed a prototype secret spy by the french fascist pig polizies to find out who put that diamond on the eiffel tower. The funniest part of this true story is

The letter he wrote for the French government never said anything about the fact that them

The french government dont realise that he is the actual diamond and that

0420 678 257 – BOOK ALADDIN'S NEXT TOUR
SPIKE MILLIGAN YAMAHA KEYBOARDS EYES 4 FRAG
BOOKS PORNOS TAPE DECK

PS ALAN PARTRIGE IS OK
BYRE GANG RULZ

ALADDIN MCFADDIN (BY CHRISS
DOUBLE VISION ZINE READ

I BELIEVE ALADDIN MCFADDIN D

SOME BOYS STINK (SOMETIMES)

By [redacted]

One of the things I do is I mix bands for money ((and also because it's fun and I'm a nerd & stuff)). Well I'm pretty good at it, not to blow me own trumpet or nuffin, but yeah I know how things work & what sounds good & stuff. Which a surprising amount of soundies I've met don't.

Anyway it's kind of funny because when I started [redacted] doing it for a living I was 18 & a shy-ish girl, which is pretty much the opposite of yr average "sound-dude", ie over 30 & an arrogant-ish boy. Well one of

funny things you notice about these arrogant boys is they totally freak out to see a girl doing this techie shit (ps I've met exactly 2 other soundgirls in the 3+ years I've been doing it). Not to mention the guys in the bands! ((yep, I'd say pretty much 90% of the bands have been boys)). Guys who, will ask, as they watch me mic up their drumkit, "so like where's the soundguy for tonite?" ((which by THE WAY happens so much more than you'd believe)) geez. But most of the band guys are alright - but the fact I'm a heaps tomboy probably puts them at ease → you know, "one of the boys" and all. Ha.

But what's the dumbest is when "fellow" soundguys have a sook. I've had boys try to cut me down in front of the bands, tell my boss (the venue owner) I'm shit at my job ((although he had sense & ears & told them to get fucked & to respect mah ass)), complain & just be insecure most of which I

known at the time to be based on the fact I'm a girl, quite young for the job & not afraid to ask "dumb" questions. I could write a whole zine about all the dumb things boys have said to me (((the soundie who told me girls couldn't be soundies because... girls' ears are wired to pick up babies' cries & so they are more sensitive to those frequencies so therefore girls' mixes sound crap coz OUR EARS are BUILT DIFFERENT TO BOYS. Yeah, of course. fuckkkk))) but yeah if I wrote them all here it'd be too long & boring. So like ask me sometime about it!
Oh yeah & all the girls (in the bands, at the venues, in the audience, etc) have mostly been rad, & excited to see a "chick on the desk". So what I've gathered from all this is that a lot of boys just can't handle it when a girl can do something they can't. → And nuts to them.
PS If you ever need a real tuff soundbitch call me!

dizzy from the fizzy
in the back seat of
the car. the car
doesnt work so
we wont go far.

four
more
sleeps
til
shopping
spree. got no money but
stealings free.
gimmie gimmie gimmi
take take take
i want it all and
i dont wanna wait
stolen panties and we
all go home. call me
up on my telephone
got no where to go
and nothing to see.
kids let loose in dumpster
city. gimmie gimmie
gimmie, take take take
i want itall and i dont
wanna wait. WAIT! WAIT!

wonder bra to water dolls

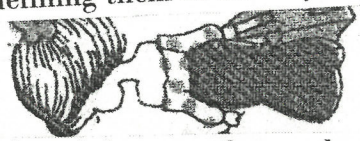
Hm

We roamed the streets partly in
the broken glide of faulty rollerskate

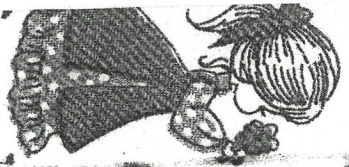
FTF

A little rant

I find it hard writing something like this that constantly refers back to male/female/butch /femme/masculine/ boy/girl/etc as if they have some concrete definition. It makes me confused as if I'm contradicting myself so for the sake of this thing I guess when I say these sorta words im defining them in the way that most people do.



It hasn't been until recently that things have just seemed to fall into place. I have always felt so invisible in the queer punk world and although I still do im starting to understand myself a lot better. I felt as if there was a puzzle piece missing, a clue I couldn't find. For a long time now I've been questioning my gender despite being born female and acting/looking female. I've not always felt like I was a girl and I had to fight to become one, as if I wasn't expected to grown up into a woman. For a while I was really close to this trans boy and I felt as if we were the same having gone through the same things and I'm now understanding that I've been transitioning for half my adolescence.



For me being femme is a gender identity outside of female. I first started to "feel like i might be a girl" when I was 15, this is also when I got my first girlfriend, I feel that the two are linked very closely. When I was 16 I started wearing dresses, this took so much courage for me. It was something I dreamed about doing but felt that I couldn't living in the ghetto of western Sydney + being part of the hardcore scene. I vividly remember belladonna 04 as I was torn between wearing a dress and wearing pants which was always my safest option. I chose the dress. Its hard to explain but I felt so comfortable and real and me. I don't think that I had ever felt so me before. It was as if people were accepting me as a girl for the first time. I came out as a lesbian when I was 17. Being queer has really affected my experiences due to my gender appearance.

The riot grrrl scene was over 10 years ago but its still the only thing that's ever happened in punk that acknowledges a queer femme identity. I feel that's its now just some word that uni feminists jump on the band wagon of. Like so many people forget what it really is like being underage or being a girl.

To me being femme has a certain tuffness to it. I see myself as a femme dyke. Being a queer identity it doesn't have rules that constrict it. Being femme doesn't mean that I don't have a masculine side or that I never experience "male" identities.

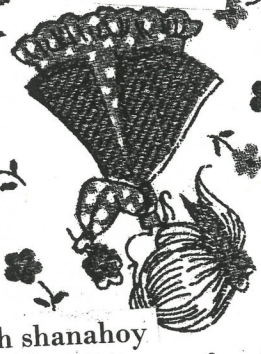
I once had this relationship with a bio boy that was really complicated, a lot of peoples reactions were that, "sarah, yr bi, you know!". I tried to explain that he's not the opposite sex because that would be assuming that im always a girl when sometimes I'm actually a boy. The only person who accepted this was my mum. I think that if I was really tomboyish/butch then people would have reacted differently and maybe been able to understand my ability to feel "all boy".

On separate occasions when talking to my closest friends or other queer kids about strap-ons and fisting everyone always presumes its always my tomboy-looking partner doing the fucking and me always receiving which is not the case at all and when I correct them they are sometimes shocked.

Actually I could talk about this for ages. Its still new and confusing sometimes. I'm only 20 and I know I'm gonna grow a great deal so theres so much of me I am still to discover.

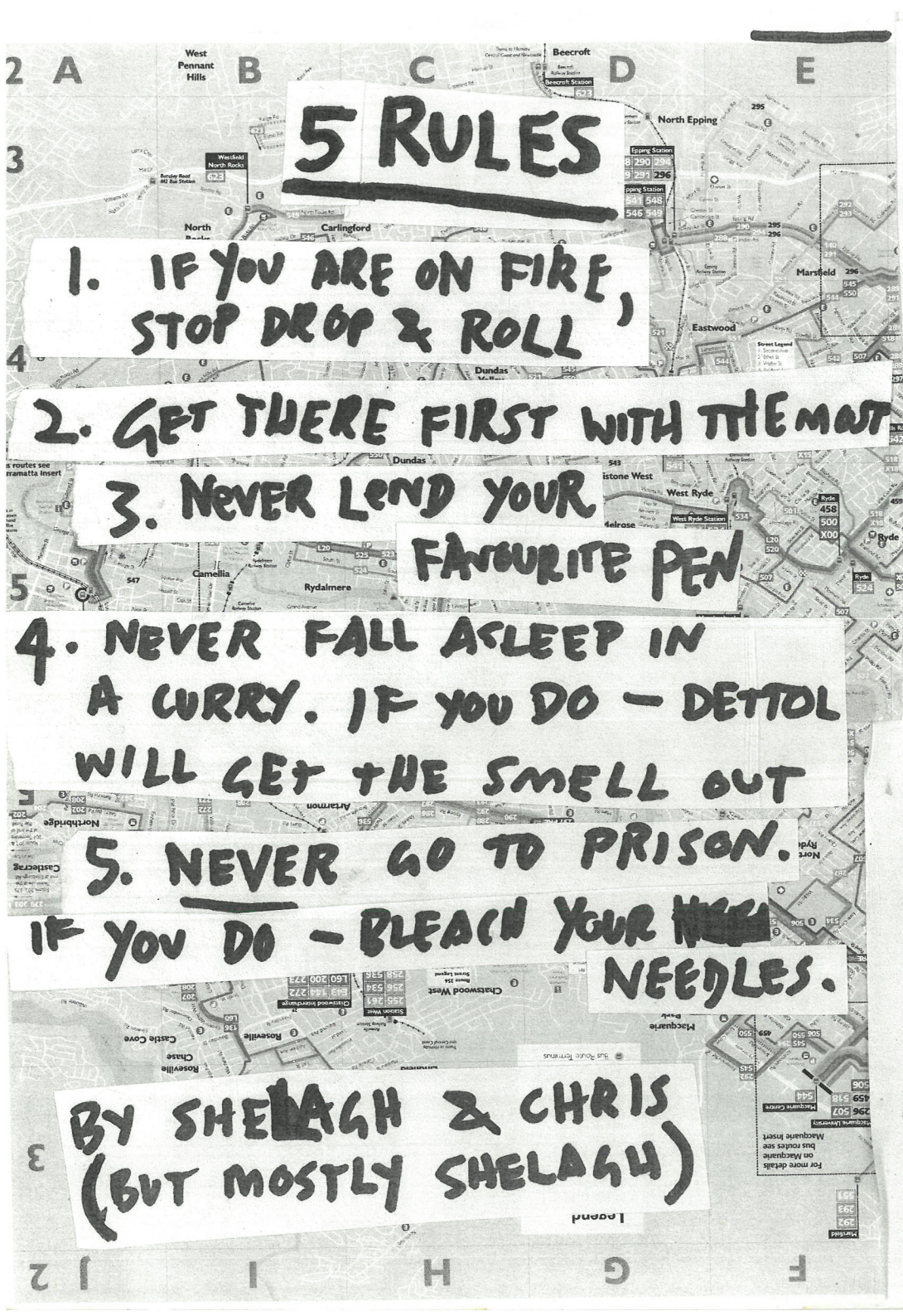
I wanna meet kids who wanna change the world and have fun and make me feel at home.

Find me.

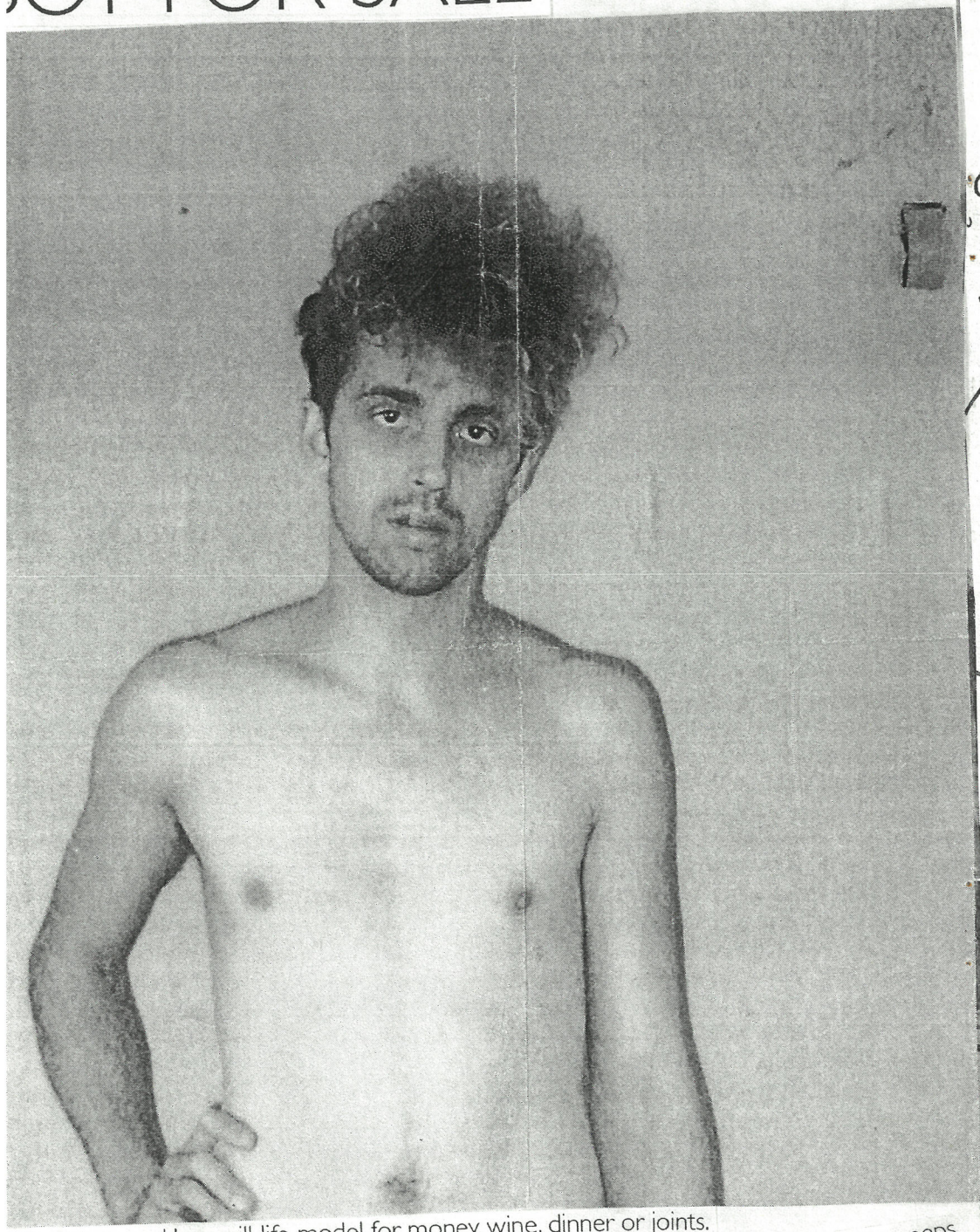


rahrah shanahoy

MOTA
PAPER DOLLS
JEREMY
(DO WE WANNA GO TO
THAT 'PARTY' WHITE
MALE SOCIETY IS
THROWING?, CAN YOU afford
PAY WITH YOUR SOUL??

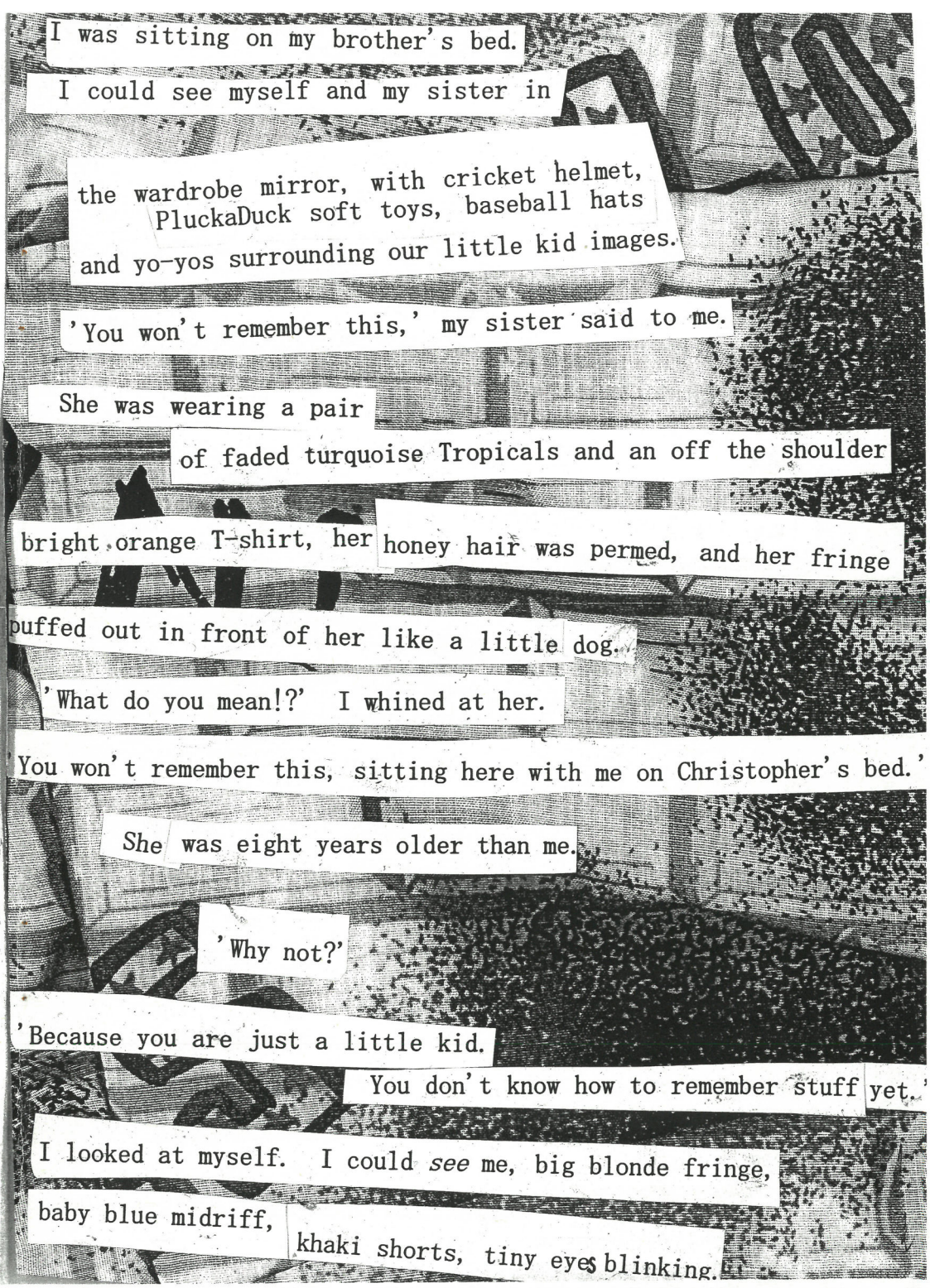

5 RULES
1. IF YOU ARE ON FIRE, STOP DROP & ROLL
2. GET THERE FIRST WITH THE MOST
3. NEVER LEND YOUR FAVOURITE PEN
4. NEVER FALL ASLEEP IN A CURRY. IF YOU DO - DETTOL WILL GET THE SMELL OUT
5. NEVER GO TO PRISON. IF YOU DO - BLEACH YOUR [redacted] NEEDLES.
BY SHE[redacted]AGH & CHRIS (BUT MOSTLY SHELAGH)

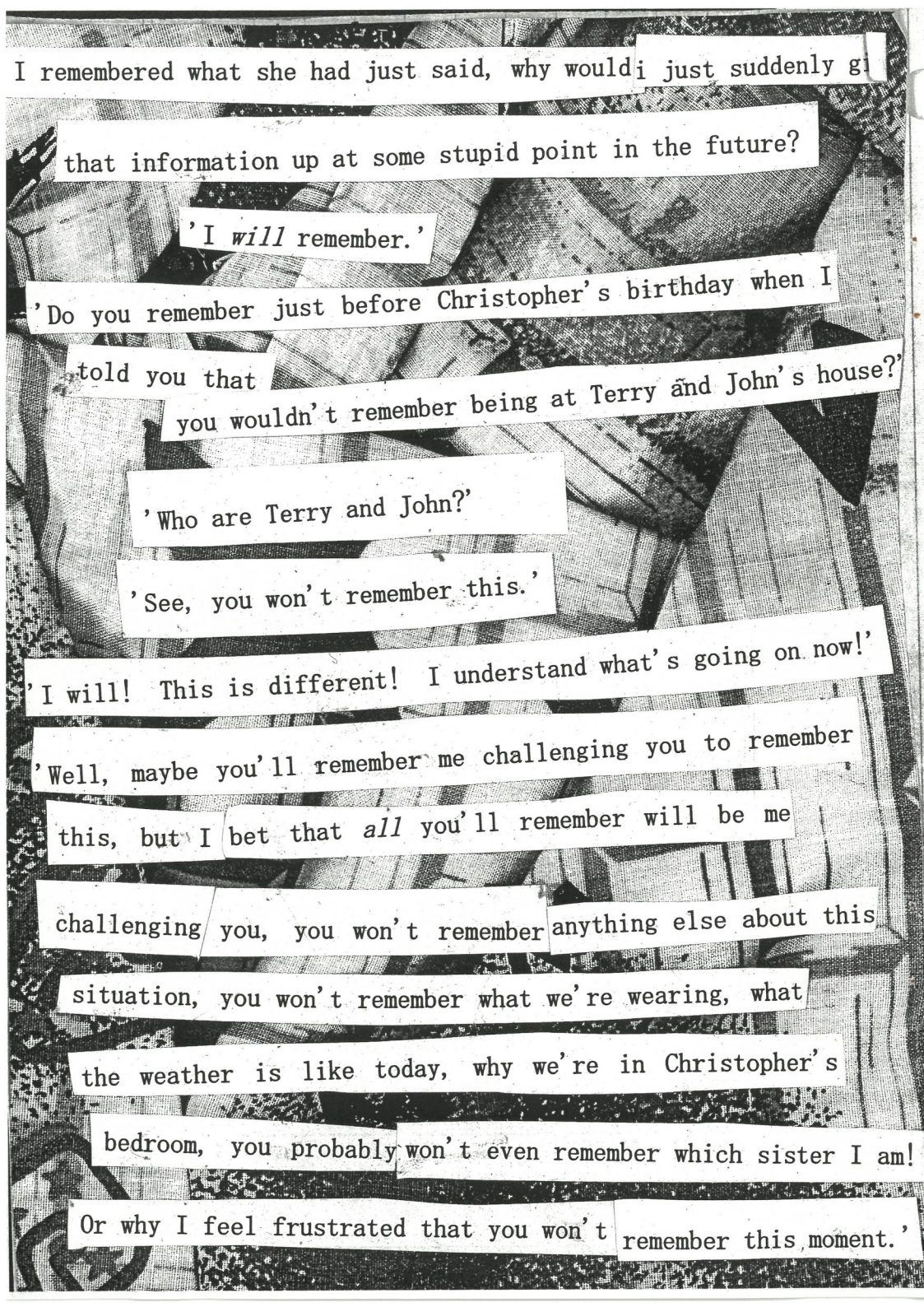
BOY FOR SALE

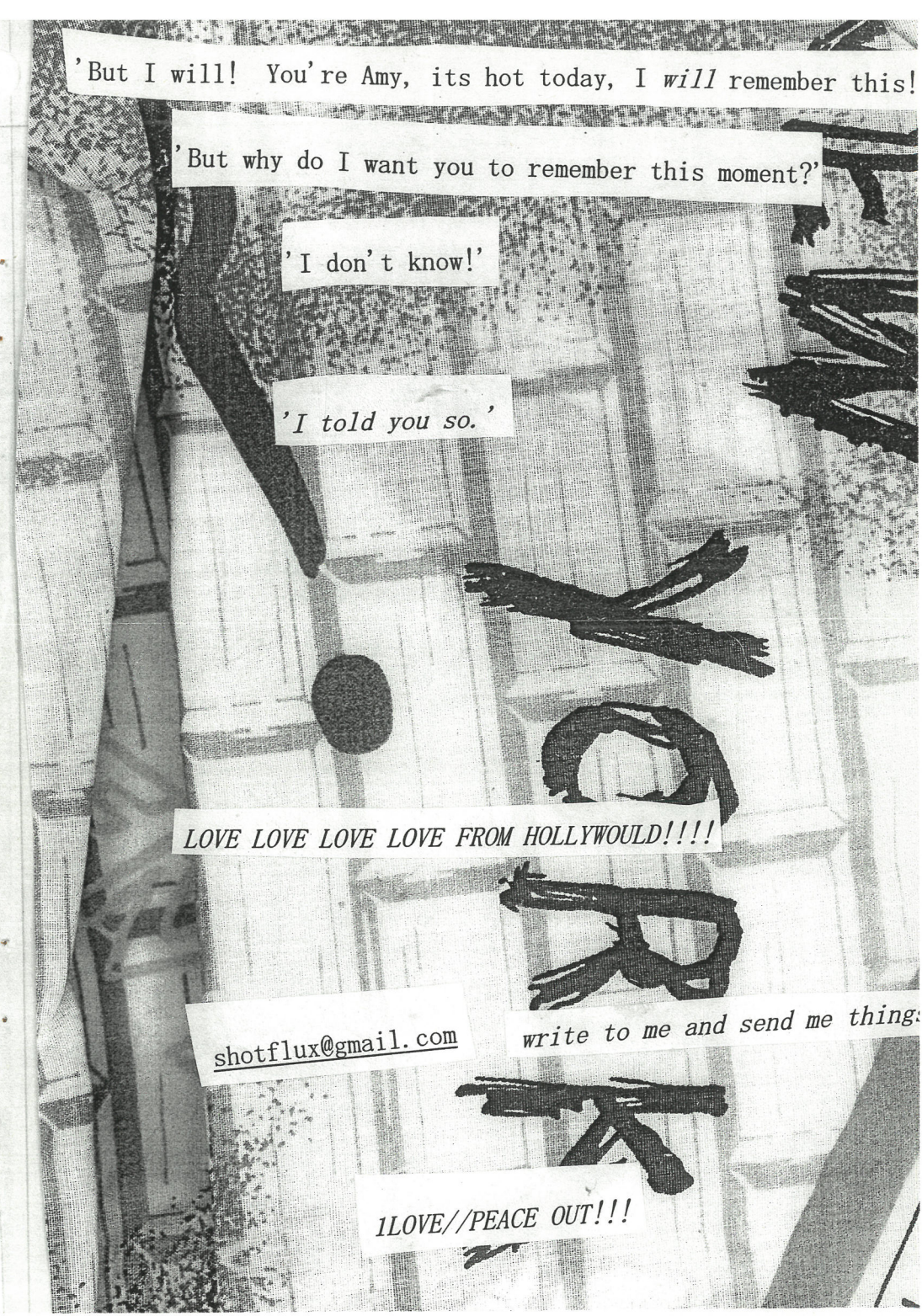


23yo blue-eyed boy will life model for money, wine, dinner or joints.
Private sittings. Totally negotiable. Surry Hills area.

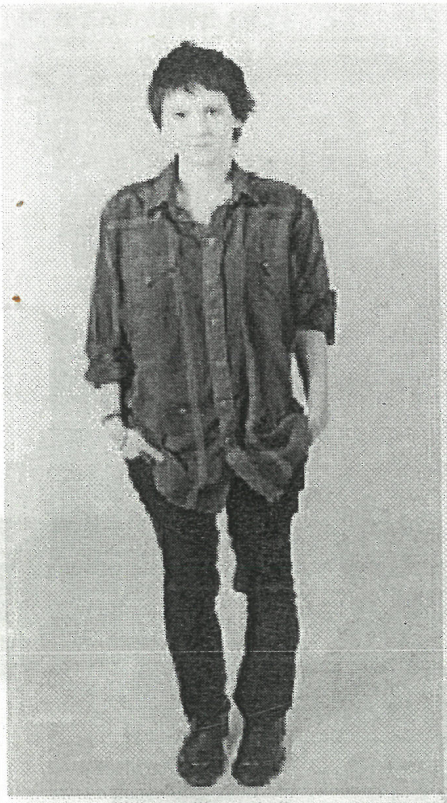
No creeps.

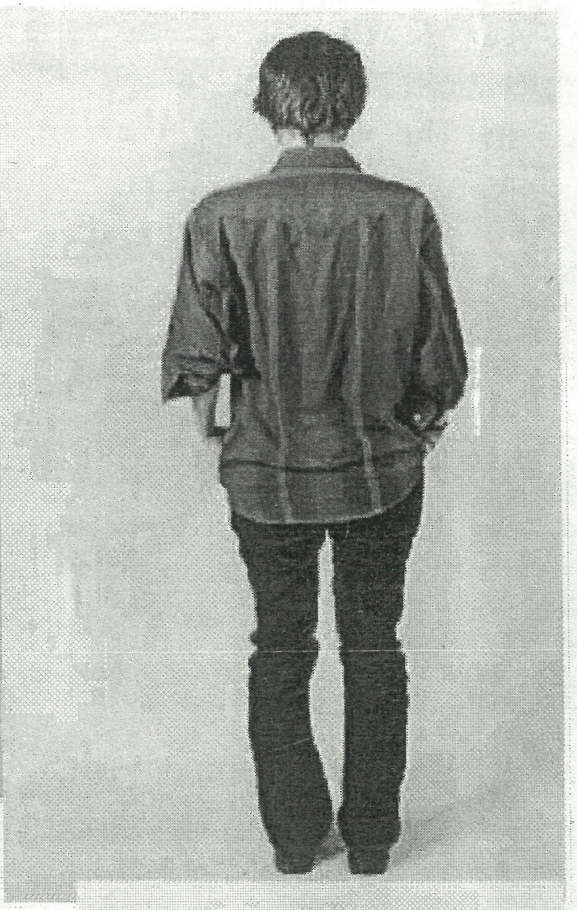

I was sitting on my brother's bed.
I could see myself and my sister in
the wardrobe mirror, with cricket helmet,
PluckaDuck soft toys, baseball hats
and yo-yos surrounding our little kid images.
'You won't remember this,' my sister said to me.
She was wearing a pair
of faded turquoise Tropicals and an off the shoulder
bright orange T-shirt, her honey hair was permed, and her fringe
puffed out in front of her like a little dog.
'What do you mean!?' I whined at her.
'You won't remember this, sitting here with me on Christopher's bed.'
She was eight years older than me.
'Why not?'
'Because you are just a little kid.
You don't know how to remember stuff yet.'
I looked at myself. I could *see* me, big blonde fringe,
baby blue midriff,
khaki shorts, tiny eyes blinking.


I remembered what she had just said, why would i just suddenly g
that information up at some stupid point in the future?
'I *will* remember.'
'Do you remember just before Christopher's birthday when I
told you that
you wouldn't remember being at Terry and John's house?'
'Who are Terry and John?'
'See, you won't remember this.'
'I will! This is different! I understand what's going on now!'
'Well, maybe you'll remember me challenging you to remember
this, but I bet that *all* you'll remember will be me
challenging you, you won't remember anything else about this
situation, you won't remember what we're wearing, what
the weather is like today, why we're in Christopher's
bedroom, you probably won't even remember which sister I am!
Or why I feel frustrated that you won't remember this moment.'


'But I will! You're Amy, its hot today, I *will* remember this!
'But why do I want you to remember this moment?'
'I don't know!'
'I told you so.'
LOVE LOVE LOVE LOVE FROM HOLLYWOULD!!!!
shotflux@gmail.com
write to me and send me things
1LOVE//PEACE OUT!!!

photos by rianna





salut to the valiant children's world terrorists who,

with rotten teeth and sticky fingers, scrape and snap

beats out of the dumps and tips they play on.

Action
RECIPES
kid
style

Georgie's Babe-Catching Vegan Choc Chip COOKIES!!!

1 cup nuttelex
3/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup brown sugar
pinch of salt
1 banana (instead of egg)
1 tablespoon vanilla essence ← only if you really like it (like me) otherwise only 2-3 tsps.
2½ cups flour (or 3½ cups if you want really dense + chewy cookies)

1 cup vegan chocolate (or 75% dark lindt) chopped up roughly.

Preheat oven to 180°C

Cream together nuttelex, sugars and salt

In a small bowl beat banana. Add to nuttelex-sugar mixture. Add vanilla...

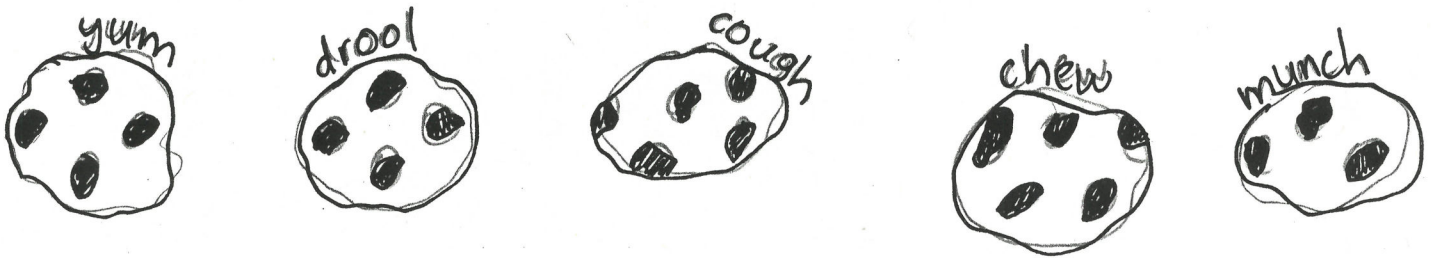
Little by little, add flour, stirring constantly.
Continue until all is well combined.
Mix in chocolate chips. This is best done using your BARE HANDS.
You now have cookie dough. ↘ eat some!
Congrats.
Form dough into balls and put them on baking trays lined with baking paper.

Flatten them a little with a fork or the palm of your hand.

Oven time!

They'll be done in about 10-12 mins.

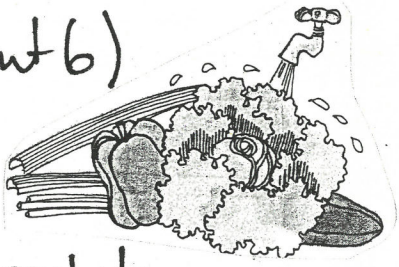
Makes heaps of tasty vegan cookies.



Bean Burritos by rah rah

cooking big meals for a bunch of friends can be so much fun. as well as hangin you get to have a delicious meal for super cheap + its also a good way to learn + share new recipies + skills.

My favourite food ~~for~~ of all time is burritos so ya'll should try it some time.



You need: (to feed about 6)

rice (brown)
3 x cans of 4 bean mix
1 or 2 burrito seasoning sachets
tomatoes
cucumber
around ~~24~~ 18 tortillas, depending on how many people want
cheese + sour creme for non-vegan option
~~1 or~~ lettice (the nice wavey one)
1 avocado
onion (grossss) louise suggested this, I say: no onions

what to do:

- rice should be cooked first, a cup in a rice cooker should take half an hour, remember brown rice takes longer to cook.
- drain bean cans than empty into large sauce pan/pot, add seasoning + as much water thats suggested on the packets. heat
- slice tomatoes + cucumbers + lettecceeee
- heat tortillas in microwave just before serving, it should take no more than a minute.
- grate cheese
- moosh avocado (add tomato+garlic+lemon to mal guacamole)
- put everything in seperate bowls + plate and everyone can serve themselves

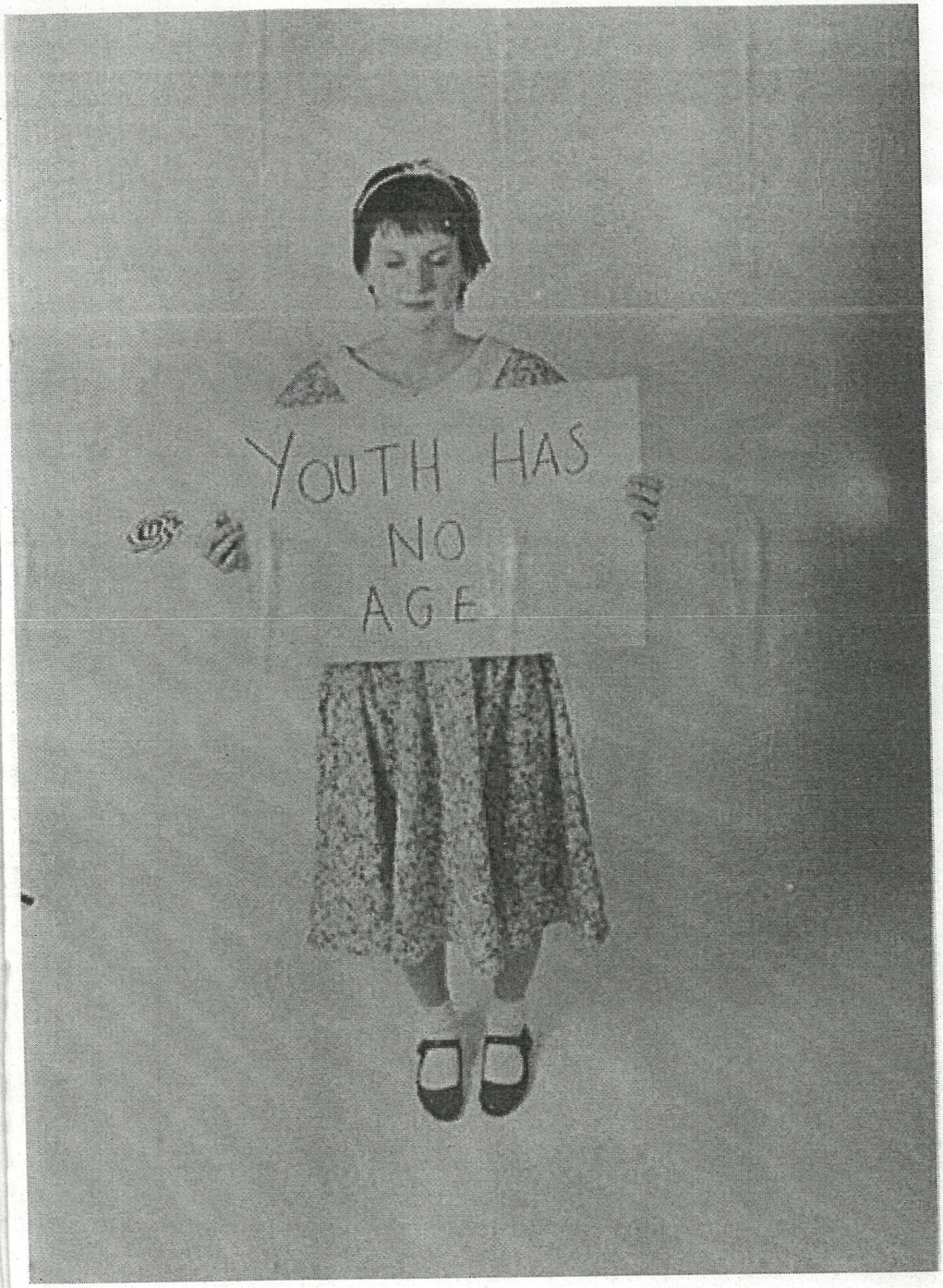
★ burrito filling+salad can be put in the fridge and eaten another day as a big beany salad.

YUM

SUCK IT IN
BITCH
print by Sleigh

Dear rah
I "built you a Cake or something"
B Rainday

3 young ladies
NOW
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
3 young ladies
NOW



RC

ACTION
SKIP
STYLE

zines title) were stolen from huggy bear record inserts. some pictures stolen from kids books. most of the backgrounds are my photo-copied clothes. I (rah) did the cutting/pasting/photocopying etc + front cover + centre fold (haha) the back cover print is by Shelagh. most of the other things have peoples names on them.

P.S. I'm obsessed with fickr
flickr.com/photos/rahrahahoy

contributers:

tully

stef fanny

popi-laurel

chrisboy

sarah rahrah shanahoy

holly

kalindy

miss hele

rianna

georgie

kieran

BYKE LUV